THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH VOL 30......NO. 10,215

ALLEN'S DISGRACE.

The downfall of EBEN S. ALLEN, until yester day the trusted President of the Forty-second Street Railway, is a lamentable event. He was no mushroom financier, who dawned upon the community with meteoric brilliancy, bu a man who had won his way from the lowes to the highest rung of the ladder in the cor poration with which he was identified. It is sad to think that after so honorable a caree he should be tempted to do criminal acts and yield to the temptation.

A remarkable feature in this case is tha ALLEN had just returned from Europe when he was arrested for his forgeries. He mus have known that detection in his crimes wa sure to overtake him soon, and yet when be had an opportunity to at least make an effor to escape the clutches of the law he delib erately returned to this country, where th prison door was yawning for him.

### A SOUND DECISION.

The Police Commissioners have refused to grant a pension to the widow of the late Capt. CHARLES McDonnell, upon the ground that she is possessed of sufficient real and personal property to support herself comfortably. This decision was eminently just and based upon solid reasoning.

The pension fund for invalid policemen or their surviving dependents was created to provide a means of subsistence for those who would otherwise be without means of support. It is intended as an incentive to a heroic discharge of duty, no matter how perilous the surroundings, by police officers, who are thereby assured that if death or permanent in rury befall them provision is made for the maintenance of their families if not possessed of means to that end.

Those who are not in need should not expect or desire to share in the distribution of such a fund.

### WHY WE BMILE.

That portion of New York's inhabitants that takes an interest in baseball, and a big portion it is too, indulges in a broad smile of satisfaction, caused by the winning from the Chicago aggregation, under command of the irrepressible Anson, of three straight games by our own Giants. It is a result far better than was hoped for, therefore the more gratifying.

The aforesaid smile is accompanied by well-defined giggle, because, while Anson's Babes were being so beautifully trounced, the Boston Beanesters were simultaneously biting the dust at the instance of the Hoosiers, whose habitation is at Indianapolis. Thereby the pennant was brought more conspicuously to the front, where the Giants can hover about it, and by attending strictly to business, seize it.

Ye Giants, cause us to smile some more!

## THEY HAVE MADE AMERICA.

Of all the weak and foolish arguments advanced by those who, for selfish purposes, oppose the holding of the World's Fair in New York, the weakest and most foolish one is that there are so many foreigners here as to rob the city of its Americanism. Rubbish! After the magnificent demonstration made by our foreign-born citizens at the recent Centennial, such talk as that is too ridiculous to emanate outside an institution for the feeble-minded

True, New York numbers among its inhabitants those who have come from all countries, and to the energy, patriotism and thrift of our naturalized citizens much of the commercial, financial and manufacturing pre-emimence of the city is due.

And what would there be to celebrate in 1892 were it not for the coming to our shores of foreigners?

# JAEGER IS AN HONEST MAN.

A LETTER-CARRIER RETURNS A FORTUNE WHICH HE FOUND.

Gustave Jacger, an extra letter-carrier, was warmly commended to-day for his honesty in giving up ten \$1,000 shares of the Iron Mountain Car Trust Company, which he found last night on the sidewalk in front of 177 Broadway. Mr. Diekson, of the law firm of Sprague & Dillon, attorneys for Jay Gould, notified Inspec-Dillon, attorneys for Jay Gould, notified Inspector Byrnes of the loss of the stocks at once, and the great thief-hunter's best men were sent out to trace them, but Jacger got them first.

The finder turned them over to Assistant Postmaster Gaylor, who informed Inspector Byrnes of the find, and at noon Letter-Carrier Jacger himself carried the securities to Inspector Byrnes.

Nine shares of the stock are owned by Townsend, Whalen & Co., and the tenth by J. F. Wilder. The stock was returned to them this morning.

morning.

Jaegar is a man of about thirty years. He lives in the tenement 11 Goerck street. He does not expect a reward, but the police hope that he will receive the worthy recognition of a poor man's honesty.

## A Fearless Journal.

[From the Bultimore Free Press.]
The New York EVENING WORLD is a fearless dences of its pluck and courage is its continual attacks on Trusts. On July 25 it devoted its entire front page in order to show up the two sides of the Sugar Trust, and by illustration showed two pictures, one the home of the sugar king and the other the babitation of the sugar victim. It is but mildly drawn, but will startle some people, and a realization of these iniquitous combinations. They are growing stronger day by day and want is becoming more general. If a stop is not soon put to these gigantic monopolies want will be staring us in the face, and the wealth of the land and necessaries of life will be entirely out of reach, except we find a way to pay the exorbitant prices asked by these potic villains. We hope THE EVENING WORLD will keep up its good work, and God-speed the

Many of Them for the Free Doctors to Care For.

But the Corps Is Enlarged and the Work Progresses.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class Nell Nelson Pays Another Visit to the Brooklyn Bables.

### THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

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All the Way From Mississippl. In the Editor of The Evening World :

In last week's Spirit was an appeal for the Sick Babies Fund, and the inclosed amount is the result: Eunice Stockwell, \$1; Mas Stockwell, \$1; a Well-wisher, 50 cents. GREENVILLE (MISS.) "SPIRIT."

From Harlem Misses.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Four little girls of Harlem send their contribution, \$1, to the Sick Babies' Fund. EMILY HUBBEL LEAR WIENER.

JENNIE DAVIS, I ILLIE MACCABE.

A Wife's Collection.

To the Editor of The Resulting World Please find inclosed \$2 to help you in your noble work. Twenty-five cepts is sent by Birdie Campbell, a little girl seven years old: 25 cents from a friend, 25 cents from my sister, 50 cents from my husband and 50 from myself. I nope it may help some poor little sufferer, and may you prosper in your good work, is my sincere wish. Yours truly

Twenty-five cents is from my mother.

### Adds to a Friend's Gift.

Is the Editor of The Evening World:

I have just received \$2 from Miss Hattie Falk, Congers, N. Y., with instructions to send to your Sick Babies' Fund. Kindly accept the same, with \$5 added by myself. May your fund swell and be a joy and a D. PLUMB, Third avenue grocer.

From His Collection-Box.

To the Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find \$6, taken from my col lection-box which I have on my cash counter in my restaurant. Hope it will do your sick babies some good and that I can send some P. E. ELLIOTT, 185 Bowery.

Send to Dr. Foster, 36 West Thirty-fifth

Street. To the Editor of The Econing World: Please find incresed \$1 for the Sick Chilren's Fund from a mother whose child, so far, has always been well. Please publish in purse. your paper if the clothing is to be sent to same address.

To the Editor of The Evening World Inclused please find \$3.85, the proceeds of a fair which was held yesterday at 790 Lafayette avenue. We sold ice cream, cake, candy, &c. Many ladies who passed by came in and bought. We opened at 10 o'clock and closed at 12 o'clock. When we counted the money we had \$3.85. Hoping this will help to relieve some little boy or girl we remain, CLABA TIBBALS, LIZZIE ROGERS AND GRACIE

Collected at Far Rockaway.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Inclosed please find check for \$13.25, the result of a collection at the Frankfort House, Far Rockaway. We trust to add considerably to it next Sunday.

From Palmer's Theatre Attaches.

Mr. Edward Siedle, of Palmer's Theatre, has taken an active interest in the work of the free physicians among the sick babies of the poor. He started a collection among the chorus and stage hands and within a short time had collected \$13.25, which amount was sent to THE EVENING WORLD office yesterday.

Send to Dr. M. L. Foster, 36 W. 35th Street.

We have been much interested in the accounts given by Nell Nelson of the sick babies, and would like to add our contribu. first case is Eddie Wallace, a citizen of seven tion to those already sent. We have made tyears, who has been fooling with a buzz-saw, some articles of clothing for the babies, which | and, as it invariably happens, the saw beat. some articles of clothing for the babies, which we hope will be useful. Will you kindly let us know where to send the things as soon as with a little nese about the shape and color. The Evenina World will be bethered also, possible.

LADIES OF THE DARINCOURT HOTEL. Schooley's Mountain Springs, N.J., Aug. 4.

# AMONG THE BROOKLYN BABIES.

District.

as a guide.

Another day in Brooklyn, with Dr. Perkins

spector, philanthropist, humanitarian, physician and missionary can find a field of labor well worth experimenting in.

Here, as everywhere, solitary woes are rare, to unwind the depraved bandage, Eddie tells him to "look out," The moment the lacerated parts come to view he ejaculates "Gosh!" and takes an imaginary bite out of the mate, "They make millions of dollars every year, millions, I tell you.

tion and ruined hopes, is not uncommon, but it progresses. in not a single home do we meet the luxury of plenty, or the comforting, happy expression that comes from a consciousness of after and some frightful disease that inflames security against hunger and thirst.

sick in body or mind, or both.

The first home we enter is sad enough. In-

tion of the Humane Society. rooms in a tenement on Columbia street. and begins work on the ulcerated legs. There doesn't seem to be anything in the seem bursting from under the bed. A small day since school closed? child of four years, with fair hair and a skin that would be milk white if it were washed, in cut as a pair of isothermal lines, and is out in the hall standing on a chair pinning though little more than skin and bone they to a clothes-line an old assortment of these have been fired into, scratched by and bitter rags. He is dressed only in his undergar- by cats and pet rabbits, scarred, bruised ments. Pillowed in a chair set against the notehed, backed, cut; and, worse than all is a third child, only three years of age, with | with a zinc ointment. scrofuloses and some other hideous malady ribs. Another boy of seven completes the quartet, all that is left of a family of eleven. The husband has deserted his home, and while we discuss him one of the piping

The eldest boy is without decent clothes.

stantly and displays a pair of neuscular arms | money, so sufficient is advanced to pay for it. and an ability to use them when necessary, neddling news. I've always been able to the nate. make a living for the beautiful boys, and it is them as comes about interfering."

boy is in rags, that he needs shoes and stock- for his head. ings and wholesome food ?"

It's not for me to belie his father, and I gives him the best when he chooses to come lo us:" but we find relief in a little wound on the runabout's face to bandage. The doctor old's neck, writes a prescription for the sobbing babe, gives minute directions about the bathing, feeding and nursing. We send for medicine and milk, and when we leave the unfortunate mother, whose reason is certainly succumbing to the ravages of suffering, misery and distress, is still lashing us with her tongue. A bundle of clothes will be provided special effort to give the family the medical than anything human. attention required.

In the adjoining room is a young girl not a pair of children. She is a pretty, slender thing, with marvellous gray eyes and that delicate almond brown hair that dealers are so ready to purchase.

She has just moved in, and a matron is belping her to place the bits of household goods. the clutches of messles, and, in the language of the ring, "looks done up." He has his mother's eyes, an aspiring little

nose and a big, round tow head that he hasn't strength enough to keep from looping | ness. over. The other child, "Wallie," is somnambulistic, and after his midnight sparring, which occurs regularly, he is wide awake, feverish, worried, and a hindrance to his own blessing to your paper forever. Thank heavens, my baby is well and hearty and trust the others will be so soon.

The standard of the family's rest. Something is very wrong with his make-up, for what little flesh there is on the small body is doughy, and the extent to which his young stomach has provides a bountiful warm dinner. and his family's rest. Something is very swellen is alarming.

The doctor writes several prescriptions to the gray-eyed girl-mother a redundancy of advice we go downstairs to see another young wife, a retired jersey-maker, who, pale and auxious, is awaiting the coming of an heir-to what?

She is poorer than the average because troubled. Her husband has no work, her mother, who supports herself by washing, is mother, who supports herself by washing, is also distressed, for all her customers are the youth as directed. away and there is not a penny in the family | Luin and Nana's \$5 have been divided be-

We give the women a dollar, an order for some little clothes, a prescription to cure the mother's cough and when the doctor says he will call again in ten days the younger woman smiles, raises her eyes and, with a Daiy. sigh in which the record of a none too happy life can be guessed, says," God has heard

We visit a row of brick houses in Scabring, between Hicks and Columbia streets, to which the attention of the health authorities should be directed. The recent rains have washed into the cellar the whole length of the building, and yesterday we found, by actual measurement, fourteen inches of water. The people living on the ground floor are suffering from rheumatism, the air is full of malaria, every flat has at least one sick child, mildew covers everything about the closets and the mosquitoes are devouring the young

In one house a dead girl awaits burial. mother tells us, "but no good came from living here."

Across the way twin boys of thirty months are put under treatment. Jim has boils, a whole string of them running about his head and throat, and Joe is so white and thin that he looks as though he might have a touch of most everything that combines against infantile happiness.

In the lower hall of a Seabring street house Dr. Perkins does some vagrant practice. The of a brown marble, very white teeth that grow as if they were trying to get astride of one another, and the biggest heart that ever

beat a pit-a-pat under a short jacket. He hasn't very many clothes on, but they are a great many more than he wants to wear. Nell Nelson and Dr. Perkins in the Southern and his pepper-and-sait hat is as full of holes as a colander, and pinked out irregularly about the brim.

We only make visits along Columbia and very painful, for when the doctor begins and outspoken journal. One of the best evi- spector, philanthropist, humanitarian, physi- him to "look out," The moment the lacer-

well worth experimenting in.

Here, as everywhere, solitary woes are rare, and sickness is made doubly distressing by the pangs of hunger, the privations of ignorance and want and the ubjust returns of a labor system that makes the young old, the mature haggard and hopeless.

Contentment, born of indifference, resignation and look mischief, interest and sympathy as the progresses.

"Gosh!" and takes an imaginary bite out of the mate,

The doctor has his case of instruments open, and there is a needleful of black silk, a little jar of balm, some very white bandages and a yard of plaster, Fifteen boys, all intimate friends of Eddie, watch the operation and look mischief, interest and sympathy as the progresses.

"However, we can get along just as well without the reports from the track. They think they can beat us that way.

Now, we can do business just as well by laying post odds and paying off the next day.

"Suppose I give it out that I will lay a point or two better than post odds. What can the Monmouth Park people do then? This is just what we are going to do, and we will fight them to the bitter end."

his skin. A recent swnn has left Hughie's post and take no bets thereafter. The children have old faces, grave voices nose, neck and arms without any skin; he and no desire to play. In the faces of the has a wound in his ear, inflicted by a turbu-

parents, most of them young in years, care lent little sister: ulcerated sores cover his and anguish are deeply furrowed, and all are limbs, and altogether he is in a painfully mottled condition.

We give him some pennies to buy a cream deed it is a case for the kindest considera- lotion for the sun blister, the three-cornered little car is washed and oiled, and then the The family is lodged in a flat of three doctor gets a boy's shoulder for a foot-rest

And such a pair of legs! Black doesn't place but rags. They cover the floor, fill describe the color. But it is not from lack chairs and benches, crowd the table and of water, for hasn't be been in the river every

The little understandings are as irregular wall is the baby, a poor, puny little thing the attacks combined, levied upon by the wasting away with a bowel complaint. There | ugly swellings that the doctor is painting

Round the ankle, up the calf and over the that has completely reversed the curve of the | knee the doctor winds his bandage to take in all the sores that mar the surface of the rest less and almost brittle limb.

The third invalid to mount the post is Johnnie, who has a pain under his belt, voices informs us that "fadder don't like which he says he got holding the baby, and a very small mouth fringed with very large pimples, which the doctor christens with a and I offer to furnish capital for a news name as wide as this column. He prescribes route, but the mother is up in rebellion in- a healing oil, but Johnnie says he has no lunatics. An old woman shakes a greasy finger in his "My child shall never go about the streets | face and warns him not to go bummin' with

Jack, an overgrown boy of eleven, edges "But, madam, don't you see your little doctor, whom he begs to "do something"

'You bet! what's the matter with your

head, old man?" "Dunno, Something inside that keeps ringing all the time. Never stops, not at night either." Another prescription is filled paints the swollen glands in the three-year- out, another mite of morey advanced, and we come over to Mulberry street to see tiny Francesco, who, having battled with the measels and whooping cough since June, has given up the fight, surrendered and lain down to die.

The doctor says it is a case of malnutrition The skin is almost black, the body shrivelled till nothing but skin and bones remain and the for the children, and Dr. Perkins will make a little hands are more like the claws of a fowl

Nature's forces are too far spent to be regained, but the mother's faith is strong and yet out of her teens, struggling to keep alive | she begs for a tonic-"anything, please, if only for the satisfaction of knowing that I tried to save him."

She is one of those small, slender women. all nerves, intense, untiring and secretive. The rooms are scrupulously neat, and while I doubt the availability of a dollar for medi-The baby is just getting out of cine and delicacies she cannot be induced to accept a cent from us. The smaller room in the suit is occupied by a shirtmaker, and every week the rent is put away in the bank. "And we are happy, but for the child's ill-NELL NELSON.

> Juvenile Guardian Excursions. The New York Juvenile Guardian Society gave vesterday one of its series of ocean air excursions by the Iron Steamboat Company

The total number of deaths yesterday which we prepay, and with what must seem | to; fifty-six of these were children under five years of age. The causes were : Maramos
Whooping cough
Incumonia
Diphtheria

Notes of the Work.

The generous donations of "Mrs. W.," of Fifty fifth street, were thankfully received. Her kind wishes are fully appreciated. Mrs. M. E. Bryan, of 10 Forsyth street, has taken an active interest in the case of Mrs.

# WORSE FOR POOL-SELLERS.

THE MONMOUTH PARK PEOPLE AIDED BY THE WESTERN UNION.

The pool-rooms in and about the city are destined to fare even worse to-day than they did on Tuesday.

The Monmouth Park officials, in some urious manner, have succeeded in winning over the Western Union Telegraph people and having the temporary station at Oceanport depot closed.

An Evening World reporter visited Supt. Humstone, of the Western Union Telegraph "She had consumption," the sorrowing mother tells us, "but no good came from transmission of the results of the races to-

day?" asked the reporter.
"We have not," answered the Superin-The Oceanport station is still in working

order, I suppose?"
"No. We have abandoned that station."

"No. We have abandoned that station."
"For what reason?"
"Woll, it's just this way. This company and the Monmouth Park officials have been on friendly terms for a good many years. ey wish to try an experiment and we don't are to antagonize them."
" Is that the only reason?" This turn of affairs is inexplicable, but the

int its readers will peruse the same interest-ng racing reports as have always been pre-

mented.

The pool-roots men feel very bitter against the Monmouth fark people. Said one prominent "bookie:" "They have got the best of us just now, but wait until the Jersey Legislature convenes, and if we don't wipe the Monmouth race track out of existence you can shoot me.

you can shoot me.
"They say that they run their races in the the fuger is almost divorced and doubtless are purely gambling machines, and there is more mand out running on Monmouth Park race track than anywhere else.

will fight them to the bitter end." s absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health.

HE DROPS IN ON "THE EVENING WORLD AFTER HIS ESCAPE.

His Version of His Entrance and Departare From the Middletown Insane Asylum-A Gentleman of Much Frankness Tells a Remarkable Story - His Wife Wasn't Glad to See Him, He Says, So He Came Bere.

Mr. James Kerr

wishes to see Mr. Editor

In relation to my escape from a lunatic asylum.

This EVENING WORLD blank filled in with handwriting in the words italicized was rather a startling card to have sent up for a morning call. But the gentleman who had broken loose from the insane asylum was invited up. It is a sufficently well-known fact that not all the inmates of an insane asylum are

Mr. Kerr entered with quite a rational air and took a seat. He is a tall man, forty-one years old, of rather spare frame, with a somewhat old face and stubbly growth of black beard. His eyes were brilliant and clear his way through the crowd and up to the though slightly roving. He were a straw hat, a light brown flaunel shirt and a pair of dark trousers. He had no coat.

"J've been railroaded into an insane saylum when I thought I was going to an inebriate home. I drink, I admit, but I am a ruined man and haven't a coat to my back. I pawned it. I was on a little spree yesterday and don't know how straight a story I

can tell."
This frankness on Mr. Kerr's part certainly looked like a confiding candor, and though reflecting on his character for temperance was calculated to enhance his claim to

"All my folks are rich except me," Mr. "All my folks are rich except me," Mr. Kerr went on, "I've got a rich brother in Toronto, and when I wrote to him to help he read me a long lesson on religion. My wife is on religion, and so are the people backing her. I went into the church down there to see the old fellow that is advising her to go up and drink a wine cup of damnation. He glowered at me when he came down.

"I broke my kneecep out West. I've been married seventeen years. My wife did something I didn't like five years ago, and I got mad, went on a spree and then headed West. I've been out there ever since till two months ago, when I came back be-

rill two months ago, when I came back be-cause my father died. He hadn't left me a cent, but he left something to my wife. "I wanted her to make up for the children's sake. I've got two little girls, Bessie and Katie. They are fifteen and thirteen years

old.
"Well, she wouldn't. She said she couldn't trust me. Then there was talk about my going to an inebriate asylum in Washington, and my brother volunteered to pay the bill.

First thing I knew. Policeman George Wilson, of Bridgeport, came after me with a warrant signed for my commitment to the Connecticut Hospital for the Insane at Mid-

Connecticut Hospital for the Insane at Middletown.

"What does this mean? You sin't no
more insane than I am,' said Wilson.

"But my wife and Dr. Robert Lander, 192
Fairfield avenue, Bridgeport, had taken an
affidavit that I was maane, and Judge of Probate Morris Beardeley rushed me in without
my ever seeing him in my life.

"They told me when I got there I oughtn't
to be in an insane saylum, and could get out
any time on a personal application. I'm an
old newspaper man, and thought since I was
there, and could get out when I liked, I'd
stay awhile and see what they did.

"There are a lot of pecule there that are
no more insane than you are.

no more insane than you are. Then I asked to get out and they let me their gambling propensities and consequent go on the spot.
'Now it strikes me as funny that a man's

"Now it strikes me as funny that a man's wife and a doctor can go and swear a man's insane, and thereupon he's run into a lunatic asylum before he can say boo. Ain't it? Supposing I had some money that they wanted, and the authorities at the mad-house had been a liftle less inclined to find out that

was sane, how then?
"My wife wasn't glad to see me a bit, and I cleared out. I'm in her custody still, and I ain't got a cent. I'll have to strike you for I ain't got a cent. I'll have to strike you for car fare," concluded Mr. Kerr.

The gentleman occasionally contracted his forehead, as if it was hard for him to be coherent, and his eves wandered off now and then, but otherwise he seemed perfectly sane, especially when he borrowed the quarter for car fare. Mrs. Kerr writes him sarcastic postal cards, and tells him the papers won't print anything he says.

FATHER AND SON FOUGHT.

### Mrs. Strock Took a Hand in the Row and Was Shot in the Leg.

Peter Strosh and his son Henry were prisrs before Justice Duffy in the Essex Market Police Court this morning. Each had his head swathed in many bandages. The elder Strosh is a saloon-keeper at 121 Willett street, while

is a saloon-keeper at 121 Willett street, while the son is a peddler of vegetables. Young Strosh returned home last night and drank three glasses of beer in succession. His father protested and a quarrel cusned, during which they threw beer glasses at each other. Mrs. Strosh came to her son's rescue and the old man procured a revolver. In the scuffle the weapon was discharged, the bullet striking Mrs. Strosh in the left leg. The wound is not serious. Father and son were held in \$500 bail each to await the result of her injuries.

SAW HIS BROTHER DROWN.

Little Charles Uliman Would Not Tell the Cause of His Grief.

At an early hour this morning the body of eight-year-old Leo Ullman, who was drowned last night at the foot of East Forty-seventh street, was recovered close to the spot where the ecident occurred. Leo, in company with his brother Charles,

Leo, in company with his brother Charles, six years old, started to walk around the circular wall of Owen & Co.'s coal yard. While trying to assist his brother over a dangerous part. Leo missed his footing and fell into the river.

Charles ran up the street crying, but for a long time refused to tell the cause of his grief. When he finally did tell a searching party was organized and Leo's body was recovered shortly after 1 o'clock.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I direct these few lines to your address, for I deem it profitable to others. As I am unfortunate enough as to have only one eye, I learned that on application to one of THE EVENING WOBLD's physicians, I would obtain an artificial wonld's physicians, I would obtain an artificial eye. Consequently I called on Dr. Foster, and told him that I was without means to buy an eye. Hother sent me to the firm of Gougelmann & Co., manufacturors of human artificial yes, 117 East Tweltth street. This firm made an eye for me, which fits to perfection, matches exactly to the other regarding color, and moves without the slightest inconvenience in the eye-socket, free of any charge. Therefore, feeling obliged to express herewith my best thanks to socket, free of any charge. Therefore, feeling obliged to express herewith my best thanks to your valuable paper, as well as to the above firm of Gougelmann & Co., I take the pleasare to sign, yours truly.

WM. Lowe.

## Pure Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofule, salt rhoum, and all other insidious conquering cereria, sait freem, and as other insideds anomies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dys-pepsia and sick headache, and overcomes that tired feel-ing. Head's Sarasparille is sold by sail druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by G.L BOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

# MR. KERR'S MORNING CALL. GOT HIS LOSINGS.

Baron de Pardonnet's Claim on Daly's Baccarat Game Settled.

And Now the Baron Won't Make His Threatened Disclosures.

Lawyers Met at the Pennsylvania Club-House and the \$3,700 Was Returned.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 8.-Baron George de Pardonnet did not assist at the meeting of the Town Council last night, nor have the Commissioners a word to say about gambling at Phil Daly's Pennsylvania Club House.

The impression that the doughty Baron had weakened, and added one more to the list of those who squeal and then run in a hole, was the first idea of many people.

This was a mistaken idea. But your corespondent learned to-day that it was Marks & Jolly who weakened, and that the Baron has carried the day in every respet.

The properteors of the Pennsylvania Club-House offered the testy no deman \$1,000 if he

would pull out and make no more unpleas-

ant talk about the Club methods with baccarat.
M. de Pardonnet, with the lofty nobleys: the manner which he has taken from the tart, inferinced them that he did not need sart, informed them that he did not need money, that he was seeking justice in this matter, and nothing but his full pound of flesh would do. He had been done for \$3,700 or thereabouts at their hands. That, then, was his due, and he would stand on that and not bate a sou.

He got it. Baron de Pardonnet has had the satisfaction

f showing that the fleezed lamb, at least he fleezed Galile lamb, will turn and, as in his instance, may seere a full.

The lawvers who represented the opposing parties met at the Pennsylvania Club, and the solution of the difficulty was the one so emi-nently soothing to the Baron of meeting his demands in full.

The only thing to be regretted in this

The only thing to be regretted in this charming adjustment is that the crookedness which Baron George says he detected in "baccarat as she is played" at the Pennsylvania Club at the time when he was worked there, will remain untold. He had proused to set this forth before the Town Commissioners in solemn session.

Now that the matter is settled the Baron is as significant as a day, and the Club proprietors.

as silent as a claim, and the Club proprietors deny that any compromise has been effected. The doughty Baron has transferred his alle-giance to John Daly's house, and he took his supper last night and dropped a few dollars on the green at the Long Branch Club. All this is perfectly consistent, because M. do Pardonnet has never had a word to say against gambling as such. He kicked against if not as a game of chance, but as a game of skill, in which the players are played. Of course this discorging of the money to Baron de Pardennet by Messrs. Marks & olly is not necessarily an admission that the baccarat of the Pennsylvania Club is crooked. They may have calculated the expenses of litigation and the harm to the house that further discussion of the point by the press would produce, and have concluded that the shortest way out, and the cheapest in the long run, was to give the Baron what he held out for.

Yet the precedent is a dangerous one.

What is to prevent any young blood who has bought an aching sense of what an expensive diversion baccarat is from declaring that he has been done and claiming restitution of the

pillage.

When a swell like M, le Baron de Pardonnet humps himself to the extent of invoking Consular assistance to redress his gambling misadventures, little high-rollers who tip the beam at less social avoirdupors need not shrink from a small dose of publicity in regard to

# Anyhow, the Baron got there.

The Colored Pugilist Arrived in Hoboken This Morning.

Peter Jackson, the Australian colored pugist. arrived in Hoboken this morning at 9:30 'clock, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

He was accompanied by his manager, 'Parson" Davies, of Chicago, and W. W. Naughton, a newspaper correspondent from Sydney, Australia. Mauager Cronheim, of Cronheim's The

atre, and an EVENING WORLD reporter met the colored champion and the Parson at the depot on the arrival of the train, and the party went directly to the theatre, where they remained for a few moments, and then proceeded to a small hotel at the corner of Hudson and Fifth streets, where accommodations were secured.

Jackson is a man of the pure African type, with a large frame, high cheek hopes, a possible the colored and the pure of the pu

with a large frame, high check-bones, a nose almost as broad as it is long and rather flat and a large and well-rounded head. His shoulders are broader than the average man, but by no means the breadth of Sullivan's nor are the muscles of the arms and the shoulders as large as the big fellow's.

His arms appear to be very long, a fact that accounts for his superior "reach," about which so much has been said.

Jackson's body is narrow down near the hips, and his lower limbs appear slim but are muscular and firm.

Jackson said he was born in the West Indies and was "brought up" at Sydney, Australia. His age is twenty-eight years, height six feet and half an inch in his stockings, weight at present 20g pounds, fightings. ings, weight at present 206 pounds, fighting weight 195 nounds. He entered the pugilistic arena several

cears ago in Australia, and has never fought coording to London prize-ring rules, all his ontests being with small gloves under the Queensberry rules.

A year ago he came to this country, landing at San Francisco, and the California Athletic Club made a match for him to fight McAuliffe,

the heavy weight, to a finish.

Jackson defeated him in twenty-four rounds and subsequently whipped Godfrey, the colored purilist, in nineicen rounds, and the Cardiff Giant in ten rounds. The California Club has made a contract with Jackson, by which he is bound for eighten months to meet no one outside of the Club's rooms without its consent. He is now on a five months' leave of absence, in charce of Mr. Davies, and spars to-night at Cronheim's Theatre with Billy Baker, the middle-weight champion of this State. It is not intended to have any knock.

State. It is not intended to have any knock-out bout, but other professional sparrers may appear.

The Parson will endeavor to arrange for the professional sparrence of the professional sparrers. an exhibition in this city, if it is only for the Colored champion to "punch the hag."

On Tue day next Jackson goes to England to meet all comers, including Jem Smith and Charley Mitchell, and after a short stay will

return to San Francisco.

When asked what he thought of Sullivan,
Jackson said: "He is a very good man and I
have no idea how I would come out in a
match with him. I can meet him only in the California Club rooms as long as my contract

continues.

'Regarding the reported remark that he would not fight a colored man, I have nothing to say, I am ready to meet all comers, black or white."

In a short while all Summer Clothing will be a drug on the market. Before that time arrives we propose to have our counters clear of light-weight garments, and to that end this morning begin the

sacrifice sale of these goods. For the sum of TEN DOLLARS, representing half the value of the Men's Suits offered, we will sell elegant English Serges, plain and silk-mixed Cassimeres and Scotch Cheviots. These are unheard-of bargains.

For FOURTEEN DOLLARS we sell superb Men's Suits of French plain and fancy Worsteds, imported Thibets, finest English Tweeds, imported Corkscrews and Clay Diagonals. Worth more than twice the money. A gorgeous line of Boys' Vaca-

tion and Dress Suits are being offered now at the reduced figures of \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$6.00. Children's Suits, plain and plait-

ed jackets, are offered at \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00. WE CLOSE OF EVENINGS AT 6.30.

A. H. King & Co., THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS, 627 and 629 Broadway,

O'BRIEN COMES OUT ON TOP. BOASTS OF NINE-TENTHS OF THE NEW

NEAR BLEECKER ST.

ENROLMENT IN THE EIGHTH. Thirteen hundred and seventy-eight men have peen enrolled as Republicans by the Committee sent into the Eighth Assembly District to reorganize and purify the party there of O'Brienism. As this number is less than the vote of Warner Miller for Governor and Joel B. Erhardt for

Major east in that district at the last election it is fair to presume that each of the men enrolled voted the straight Republican ticket.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to understand, the O'Brien men say, how the Committee can strike out many names on a revision of the roll.

O'Brien claims that fully no per cent, of those enrolled are his friends and followers, and that he will have no difficulty in capturing the new organization.

The Committee proposes to revise the list, however, and will meet next Wednesday night to hear challenges.

owever, and will meet hext wednesday and o hear challenges.

If they fail in eliminating all of the O'Brientes from the roll they may, by their delay in perfecting an organization in the district, present the holding of a primary for the election of the county Committee and

perfecting all organization in the district, prevent the holding of a primary for the election of representatives in the County Committee and delegates to the State Convention, which will probably be held next month.

It is treely charged that this is the purpose of the Committee, and that its members hope, by this delay, to keep Johnny O'Brien out of the State organization.

Ex-Assemblyman John E. Brodsky laughs at the idea of keeping O'Brien out of the State Convention and says:

"The State Committee is not going to lose the Eighth District because of a little local fight, and if the County Committee fails in recognizing an organization there the State Committee won t.

"The men on the State Committee are practical politicians and know that the Republican chances in the State derend on this district. They know, too, who can control its vote and will act accordingly."

This Lodger Took a Long Nav. A German, about thirty-tive or six years old, registered at the lodging-house 354 Bowery. Tuesday night as John Schell. All yesterday

and last night as John Scheil. All yesteriasy and last night he was allowed to sleep undisturbed. At 6 o'clock this morning the clerk looked in and found him senseloss and almost breathless. A vial of morphine stood within reach. The ambulance surgeon slapped the sleeper and gave him brandy without rousing him, then took him to St. Vincent's Hospital.

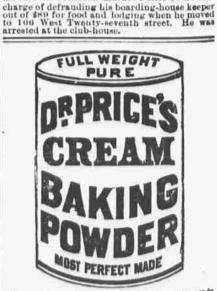
Robbed a Blind Man. Thomas Walsh, a printer, of 443 East Ninetycond street, was held in \$2,000 bail for trial at the Harlem Police Court this morning on the charge of stealing \$1.78 from William Lordon.a blind man, who keeps a little stand at One Hun-dred and Thirty-fifth street and Fourth avenue. The money was in a vest, and Walsh, who saw the roll, took both.

Merchants Benedict Seriously Injured.

Mr. Henry Benedict, of the lumber firm of

Benedict, McElroy & Fowler, at the foot of East

Fifty-third street, while jumping off a car at Fifty-third street this morning, was struck by a car going in the other direction and was thrown under the wheels, his head and shoulders being fearfully lacerated. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital. The Electric Club's Chef Arrested. Francis Nicot, the French chef of the Electric Club, 17 East Twenty-second street, was remanded at Jefferson Market Police Court on a



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United Blates Government. Indorsed by the backsof the treat Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Resithiut. Dr. Frhoe's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Bold only in Cana.

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